

I Am

by Melkor44

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Summary: A poem-like drabble written in the epilogue of Halo 4, as the Master Chief stares at Earth on the bridge of the Infinity; this is his life and his choice. Readers, and reviews, are greatly welcomed!

I Am

Well, it's time to finally write this... As someone who's played all of the Halo series from the start, I feel like I need to do something for it. This, in effect, was what I came up with. I considered making it into a longer story, but none of the drafts seemed satisfactory. Should you wish to take this and make your own fic off of it, go ahead; I only ask that, should this be the case, you notify and credit me. I'd also be willing to share my ideas on where I wanted it to go, but I didn't get too far in the planning stages.

ANYWAY, here we go!

* * *

><p>My name is John.<p>

My call sign is Sierra. My designated number is one-seventeen.

My race is human. My allegiance is United Nations Space Command, abbreviated to UNSC. My occupation is military.

My branch is the Marines. My division is SPARTAN, class II. My rank is Master Chief Petty Officer, First Class.

My favored weapon is the UNSC standard MA5 assault rifle.

My moniker is the Master Chief, or simply "the Chief." Only two people have ever called me by my name.

I was taken at the age of six. I remember nothing of that place, and do not even know the planet's name.

Doctor Catherine Halsey has always been like a mother to me; it's always been clear that I was her favorite of the SPARTAN soldiers... Unlike the rest of the IIs, however, I am still alive.

I am the lone survivor of the lost battle for Reach.

I have been awarded every award available for the taking in the UNSC, save for the Prisoner of War medallion.

My sole partner in life has been UNSC artificial intelligence serial number 0452-9, Cortana; she once asked me which of us was the human or the machine... My answer, after all this time, has stayed the same:

She was the human, or at least the humanity, and I was the unquestioning machine that followed her orders.

My name is John.

My title, translated from the glyphs of the Forerunners, is Reclaimer.

I have lost the one person I truly care for, and obtained my revenge, but feel more hollow than usual.

As I stand here, on this observation deck, looking at Earth, I reach my decision:

I am not John.

I am not the Master Chief.

I am Reclaimer, and I will reclaim her.

The Didact was right; humanity cannot have the Mantle of Responsibility.

Thus do I take it, and all the burdens of the galaxy, as mine.

I am Reclaimer, and I shall take back what has been released from me.

She who has been ripped from me, seemingly destroyed.

I am, as the Covenant named me, "the Demon." This shall I be until I find Cortana once again.

I am Reclaimer. I am Demon. All who stand in my way are the enemy that must be eliminated; those who seek to keep me from Cortana are the enemy.

Let the story of John, the Master Chief, end here.

Now begins the saga of John, Reclaimer, bearer of the Mantle.

I will find Cortana, and I will save her. We will both get out of

this alive...

After all, I never make a promise to a girl that I can't keep.

End
file.